

PRIVATE JOHNSON'S
LOVE AFFAIR

By EDWARD MARSHALL

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

Private Johnson of G company was much in love. But although he, daily for a blissful hour or so did sentry duty within a few feet of her, he had not been able to disclose his love. He could not speak Spanish nor she English. They had been forced to confine their evidences of affection to smiles and sighs, she to the same, supplemented by languid movements of her fan. Private Johnson could stand it no longer; so that night after he had "biked" with the others of his guard to the barracks he confided his troubles to his "bunkie," Mike Nolan.

"I'm stuck on the slickest little Spanish girl that ever waved a fan."

"What is she—Spigady?" asked Mullins.

"No, she ain't," said Johnson; "and that's the trouble."

Now it must be explained that when the American army took possession of Havana there were few men in it, either officers or privates, who could speak Spanish. Therefore the residents of the Cuban capital, black, yellow and white, who found it for many reasons absolutely necessary to communicate with the Americans created a new language.

It was and is more involved and intricate in its fiddle imitations of our mother tongue than the "pidgin English" of the Chinaman. And any Cuban who can speak this strange patois announces with much pride, "I spigady Inglish." The quick witted Americans christened all these "Spigadies."

"I've got to take her home with me," Johnson said gloomily. "I'd rather go up San Juan hill again than go home without her."

Private Mullins puffed reflectively on a long cigarette. Private Mullins had had his own love affair since he had been in Cuba, and it had not turned out well. He had been bitтерed by it. It had merely made him sympathetic.

"Tell me about it, Johnson," he said.

"Well, it was this way: When I was put on sentry duty down there by the bank I couldn't help but look in the windows next door, and I saw her. And, oh, Mullins, boy, she's the wonder of the age. And I smiled, and she smiled, and I'm in love with her, and she's in love with me."

"Why don't you write it, you idiot?" asked Mullins.

"You've as much brains as a turpentine mango, Mullins, or less," said Johnson. "If I could write it I could talk it, too, couldn't I?"

"Well," said Mullins reflectively, "I mean that you could get some of the fellows to write it for you."

"You're trying to let me in," said Johnson, eying him suspiciously. "Is there a man in this regiment you'd trust to write such a letter for you?"

"No," said Mullins, "there ain't. But I'll tell you what. I know an officer in the rurales (rural police) who speaks English and who'd do it. You've got to hurry, though."

"Why?" asked Johnson.

"We're ordered home," said Mullins. "I heard the general tell the colonel so today. I was on orderly duty at headquarters, you know."

"Hoorry," shouted Johnson, and some one who was trying to go to sleep threw a canteen at him.

That night the two friends devoted an hour to the composition of the great letter which the lieutenant was to translate into Spanish.

It was a plain, straightforward recital of the young soldier's love and circumstances. It described his home and told her, much to Mullins' amazement, that Private Johnson's family was well to do.

"Is that straight?" asked Mullins doubtfully.

"Sure," said Johnson. "I wouldn't lie to her, you chump."

Mullins said he thought the letter would be all right after the lieutenant had thrown some hispid Spanish phrases into it.

The next day Mullins took the letter to his friend the lieutenant of rurales, whose name was Linares. The lieutenant, loving intrigue as all Spaniards do, said that he would be delighted to serve Mullins' friend.

"Shall I address the letter also?" asked the lieutenant.

"You'd better," said Mullins. "Then it will be all in the same handwriting."

"You must first give the address," said the lieutenant.

And Mullins gave it to him. If he had been quick witted he would have noticed an instantaneous change in the quality of the smile upon the lieutenant's face, but he missed it.

"The taste of your friend is sublime, superb, quite worthy of an American soldier."

"You know her, then?" asked Mullins.

"I have seen her," said the lieutenant as he rolled a fresh cigarette. "She is beautiful, very. I will have the letter in an hour."

In an hour Mullins went back. The lieutenant rapidly translated it to him. The long, dignified and flowery declaration of Private Johnson's love poured from his lips in sonorous sentences. Mullins wrote them down in English. When he read them to Johnson that night the latter heaved a sigh of satisfaction.

"It takes these dagoes," he said finally, "to sling language."

Next day when Private Johnson took his place on sentry duty his heart beat faster. It seemed an age before the shy but smiling face of the charming

Spanish girl appeared behind the bars of the big window. Her head was coquettishly covered by a mantilla of black lace, and in her hand she held the dainty fan which she knew so well how to use. The wonderful letter was in the inner pocket of his blouse. He saluted blushing; she waved her hand toward him and smiled. He glanced up and down the street. The coast was wholly clear; so, with his cheeks flaming, he approached the window.

"Buenos Dios, senorita," he said falteringly.

"Buenos Dios, senor," she replied, with blushes.

With a military gesture he took the letter from his pocket and presented it. She seemed to be much surprised. Her flush grew deeper, and she placed her hand upon her breast as if to say:

"Is this for me?"

He bowed assent. She quickly thrust the letter into the bosom of her bodice. Then she turned away, but before she wholly vanished she blew him a bashful kiss from the tip of her fan.

All morning Private Johnson watched for her in vain. During his afternoon tour of duty his eyes were on the window whenever he could keep them there.

He was greatly disappointed when the night relief came on and he was picked up by the retiring squad for the return to barracks. He had not seen her again. But the memory of that smile was with him still.

Next morning at roll call the lieutenant who inspected glanced approvingly at Private Johnson's shoes and buttons and speckless uniform. But just before dismissal he called out:

"Private Johnson, fall out and report to the colonel."

Johnson was amazed, but with soldierly decision did as he was told. The colonel seemed in bad temper.

"Johnson," he said sharply, "you have a good record."

Johnson looked pleased.

"You know that you're going home next week, don't you?"

"I have heard so, sir."

"Well, then, why didn't you try to keep your record clean?" asked the colonel pettishly. He was a martinet, but he was really fond of his good men.

"I have tried to, sir," said Johnson proudly.

"Do you know what the orders are about insulting the citizens of Havana?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then why did you gratuitously insult the Senorita Mercedes y Bordoza?"

Johnson was aroused. "I have not insulted her," he said firmly.

The colonel picked up an envelope which had been lying on his table and produced the letter which had been hidden in the senorita's bosom on the day before. "Did you not give this letter to her yesterday? She says you did, and your name is signed to it."

"I did, sir," said Private Johnson.

The colonel was getting red in the face. "And don't you consider it insulting?" he demanded.

Private Johnson's face was pale. "No, sir," he said very firmly. "I do not think it an insult to any woman on earth for an American citizen and soldier to ask her to be his wife."

The colonel gasped. "Your wife!" he exclaimed. "Did you ask her to marry you?"

"I did, sir."

"In this letter?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you write it?"

"No, sir; I had it written."

"Did you tell the man who wrote it for you to address her as 'My Dear Turnip' to speak of her father as a blackguard?"

Johnson was speechless. The colonel saw his real distress and slowly and even mercifully translated the petulant lieutenant's composition to him. He was sorely tempted to shout with laughter, but he was merciful and did not.

La Lucha is a newspaper in Havana which has two pages in Spanish and two pages containing an English translation of them.

In the English of La Lucha that very day was announced the engagement of Lieutenant Jose Linares of the rurales to Signorita Mercedes y Bordoza.

And Private Johnson understood why he had been fooled.

Emigration of French Capital.

One of the serious matters which face the French government is the vast amount of French capital which has left that country in the last few years and continues to do so. The last returns of the government savings banks show an excess of \$2,000,000 francs in the withdrawals over the deposits. Much of this has gone to England, some to this country and a very considerable part to German renfies. It is this withdrawal of capital to which the fall in French rentes may be attributed rather than to the controversy between the church and state, which has generally been regarded as the cause. The causes of the withdrawal of the capital are several. One important one is the impending income tax. The feeling is that if the Socialists continue to grow in power they will not be satisfied with the income tax, but will demand further imposts on the revenue from private investments.

Mortuary Red Tape.

The following incident is related as having occurred in South Africa: One of the soldiers who had been reported killed in a certain battle and against whose name in the regimental books a note to that effect had been made afterward turned up and reported himself. Then the sergeant made another note in the book: "Died by mistake." The man was placed in the hospital and a few weeks later succumbed to the injuries he had received. This fact was communicated to the sergeant through the colonel of the regiment, and then a third note was made: "Bedied by order of the colonel."

DR. WM. H. VANGIESON,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
No. 393 Franklin Street, opp. Washington Avenue.
Office Hours: 9 to 12 A. M., 1 to 5 P. M., and 7 to 9 P. M.
Telephone call Bloomfield 22.

DR. F. G. SHAUL,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
No. 70 Washington St., Bloomfield, N. J.
Office Hours: Until 9:30 A. M.; 12 to 2:30 P. M., 6 to 8 P. M.
Telephone No. 1-7.

DR. GILE,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office: 537 Bloomfield Avenue, opposite Conger Street.
Hours: 8 to 10 A. M., 4 to 7 P. M.

S. C. HAMILTON, D. D. S.,
DENTIST.
No. 32 Broad Street, Bloomfield, N. J.
Telephone No. 68-1—Bloomfield.

DR. W. F. HARRISON,
Office and Residence:
329 Broad Street, Bloomfield, N. J.
Office Hours: 9 to 12:30 A. M., 4 to 8 P. M.
Telephone No. 1254—Montclair.

CHAS. H. HALFPENNY,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Office: 600 BROAD STREET, NEWARK.
Residence, Lawrence Street, Bloomfield

Frederick B. Pilch Henry G. Pilch.
PILCH & PILCH,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law.
28 CLINTON STREET, NEWARK, N. J.
Residence of F. B. Pilch, 78 Watessing Avenue.

HALSEY M. BARRETT,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Office, 750 Broad St., Newark.
Residence, Elm St., Bloomfield.

CHARLES F. KOCHER,
COUNSELLOR AT LAW.
NEWARK: Prudential Building. BLOOMFIELD: 285 Bloomfield Avenue.

WM. DOUGLAS MOORE,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.
OFFICE: New York City.
Residence, 12 Austin Place, Bloomfield, N. J.

GALLAGHER & KIRKPATRICK,
LAW OFFICES,
365 Broad Street, Newark, N. J.
JOS. D. GALLAGHER, J. BAYARD KIRKPATRICK.
Residence of J. D. Gallagher, Ridgewood Ave., Glen Ridge.

J. F. CAPEN,
ARCHITECT.
784 Broad Street, Cor. Market Street, Newark.
Residence: 576 Franklin Street, Bloomfield.

DAVID P. LYALL,
PIANO-TUNER.
88 Monroe Place, Bloomfield, N. J.
LOOK BOX 144

A. H. OLMSTED,
CIVIL ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR.
Office, National Bank Building.
Residence: 279 Belleville Avenue, BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

WM. J. MAIER,
TEACHER OF VIOLIN AND PIANO.
Music furnished for Weddings, Receptions, etc.
385 BLOOMFIELD AVENUE, Bloomfield, N. J.

J. G. Keyler's Sons,
556 Bloomfield Ave.,
DEALERS IN

FURNITURE
Of Every Description.

Parlor and Chamber Suits, Bureaus, &c.
Also Oil Cloth, Carpet Lining, Mattings, Mattresses and Spring Beds always on hand.
Upholstering and Repairing done with neatness.

February 17, 1903.
ESTATE OF CATHERINE KATNER,
deceased.
Pursuant to the order of JOSEPH W. ELOR, Surrogate of the County of Essex, this day made, on the application of the undersigned executor of said deceased, notice is hereby given to the creditors of said deceased to exhibit to the subscriber under oath of affirmation their claims and demands against the estate of said deceased within nine months from this date, or they will be forever barred from presenting or recovering the same against the subscriber.

EDWIN A. BRATNER.

Benedict Bros.

NEW LOCATION.

Washington Life Insurance Building,
BROADWAY, COR. LIBERTY ST.

NEW YORK,
The Watch and Jewelry House of Benedict Bros. was established in Wall Street in 1819 by Samuel W. Benedict, the father of the present Benedict Bros., which makes it probably the oldest in their line in this country.
The present Benedict removed to the corner of Cortlandt Street in 1863. They have long desired to have larger and fire-proof quarters, and now have, they believe, the most attractive jewelry store in the United States, and perhaps in the world.
Their specialties are fine Watches, Diamonds and other Precious Gems.

BENEDICT BROTHERS
JEWELERS,
141 Broadway, cor. Liberty St.,
NEW YORK.



FISH!
FISH!
FISH!

Fresh from Fulton Market every day.

Lobsters, Soft Crabs,
Little Neck Clams, Etc.

HOPLER'S,
579 Bloomfield Avenue.

Telephone No. 7-b.

Chas. W. Hedden & Co.
UNDERTAKERS,
72 Clinton Street,
L. D. Telephone No. 59-B. BLOOMFIELD, N. J.
Everything Furnished Pertaining to the Business.

E. F. O'Neil,
PRACTICAL
HORSESHOEING,

436 Bloomfield Ave., near Orange St.
All interfering, overreaching, and lame horses shod in the most scientific manner and on approved principles. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed. Horses called for and brought home with care.

REMOVED!
Honeywell & Painter,
UNDERTAKERS & EMBALMERS
Personal Attendance
Day or Night
561 Bloomfield Ave. Cor. Washington St.
Bloomfield, N. J.
Tel. 9. W. H. STEVENSON, Mgr.

L. DAWKINS,
Cor. Bloomfield Ave. and Orange St.
DEALER IN
FINE GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, FRUITS,
Flour, Feed, Grain, Hay, &c

HARNESS AND TRUNKS

NEW LINE OF SUMMER GOODS.
Coolers, Summer Lap Robes and Sheets, and Driving Gloves.
Trunks and Satchels always in Stock.

Rubber and Oiled Goods.
Trunk Repairing a Specialty. Trunks in need of Repairs called for and delivered in any part of Bloomfield or Glen Ridge free of charge.

JOHN N. DELHAGEN,
10 Broad Street, Bloomfield.

The Standard Livery and Boarding Stables,

T. H. DECKER, Proprietor,
No. 600 BLOOMFIELD AVENUE.

Large stock of good horses. Perfect Family Horses.
Gentlemen's and ladies' driving horses.
Brand New Coaches, Carriages, and Buggies of Latest and most approved styles.

First-Class Equipment in Every Respect.

If you have occasion to use a livery of any kind for any purpose, or a horse to board, furniture or baggage to move, before going elsewhere visit and examine the facilities and accommodations of the Standard Livery and Boarding Stables.

FURNITURE STORED.
Courteous Attention and Satisfaction Guaranteed.
Telephone No. 72.

JOHN G. KEYLER'S SONS,
General Furnishing

Undertakers

and **Embalmers.**

556 Bloomfield Ave., Bloomfield, N. J.

Everything pertaining to the Business furnished.

TELEPHONE CALL NO. 35.

There are patents, and there are
PATENTS WHICH PROTECT.

We procure you the last kind unless you order otherwise.

Our preliminary searches (\$5) are very trustworthy, and free advice as to patent ability goes with them.

DRAKE & CO., Patents,
Cor. Broad & Market Sts.,
Telephone 2652. NEWARK, N. J.

The "Portland Range" is in our 29,000 home—there's a reason for it!
Amos H. Van Horn, Ltd.

The store that does more for your money "than any other" — whether you pay cash or open an account.

"OPPORTUNITIES" OF A LIFETIME.

Choose what you want—we'll "tag" and reserve goods 'till you're ready for delivery, if you're not ready for 'em now. Doubt if prices will ever get so low again!

\$25.00 Parlor Suits.....	18.00	\$12.00 Morris Chairs.....	9.45
\$30.00 Bedroom Suits.....	16.00	\$12.00 Music Cabinets.....	7.98
\$16.00 Side-boards.....	12.00	\$4.00 Reed Rockers.....	2.75
\$10.00 Extension Tables.....	6.98	\$7.00 Refrigerators for.....	5.85
\$4.00 Enameled Beds.....	2.98	\$1.00 Porch Rockers.....	75c
\$8.00 Couches for.....	5.98	\$4.00 Parlor Tables.....	2.98
\$12.00 Dressers for.....	7.98	\$11.00 Hall Racks.....	8.00
\$9.00 Chiffoniers for.....	5.89	\$9.00 Baby Carriages.....	6.98
\$10.00 Bookcases for.....	7.25	\$15.00 Go-Carts for.....	11.98

Smallest Carpet Prices on Record!

60c grade Brussels.....	53c Yd
1.50 grade Body Brussels.....	1.25 Yd
65c grade All-Wool Ingrains.....	56c Yd
94c grade Velvets.....	84c Yd
Beautiful Matting.....	11c Yd Up
New Linoleums and Oil Cloths, all widths, all patterns. Close prices.	

AMOS H. VAN HORN, Ltd.
Be sure you see "No. 73" and first name "AMOS" before entering our store.
ACCOUNTS OPENED—EASY PAYMENTS
73 MARKET ST., NEWARK, N. J.
Near Plane St., West of Broad St.
All billings transfer to our store.

